

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courier.*



A MESSENGER FROM MONACO.

“WAIT A YEAR.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE day so fatal to the happiness of Edward Moreton was not uneventful to his sister. On returning, in the afternoon, from a walk with her pupil, she observed a gentleman's hat on the table in the entrance.

“Who is here?” asked Fanny.
“Your uncle, miss, just arrived.”

No. 1430.—MAY 24, 1879.

As the servant so replied, Mona walked away to her room. Captain Orde's unexpected return was not of any importance to her. In her trouble regarding Edward, he was not likely to be of much assistance, although he was more in her good graces than she once thought possible. She took off her bonnet, smoothed her hair, and dawdled about to give Fanny time to have a good chat with her uncle before calling her to lessons, and then went into the drawing-room to fetch her. The voice of Captain

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Orde was distinctly heard as she opened the door, but it was not he who sat talking to Mrs. Fraser when she entered the room. It was his brother. Her colour came and went, and came again, lighting up the face which had begun to look worn and sad from anxiety, when she found her hand warmly clasped in Mr. Sinclair's, and encountered his kind eyes as he inquired after her health, expressing regret at hearing that she was less well now than when she left home. He put forward a chair, and she sat down, entirely oblivious of her duties as governess, until Fanny clamoured to be excused her lessons in honour of her uncle's arrival, and Mrs. Fraser refused. Her memory thus unpleasantly awakened, Mona recognising that they were both *de trop*, got up, and took Fanny with her into the adjoining room. It cost her something to see Fanny shut the door, which it was her habit to rigorously insist upon when visitors were there.

Of course Mrs. Fraser must have a great deal to say to her brother; Mona told herself so, believing all the time that her own interest in Mr. Sinclair must be greater, as he came from the place where her dearest recollections were centred. Besides, she had her family to talk about. If truth be told, the teacher was more absent than the pupil, and more anxious for lessons to be finished. When they were over, and she thought she might fairly spend the leisure time remaining before dinner in Mr. Sinclair's company, he had gone to his room. However, he was not going away, he would stay some days at least, and they would often meet; nothing could prevent that or the pleasure that now thrilled through her heart. He had come at the time she most needed a friend, and felt the relief it would be to consult him about Edward. Her real fears had so outstripped all imaginary ones that she saw only good likely to result from confidence in him. So Mona went to perform her simple toilet, happy in the expectation of seeing and talking to the kindest friend she possessed, wondering why he seemed so much nearer to her now than in the days when she lived at Hillesden.

The thought of Helen Lestocq did intrude itself, but she resolutely put it away. Whatever might happen afterwards, she was determined to give herself up to the enjoyment of this evening without any self-torment as to what might or might not be her duty to her neighbour and friend. She had no idea whatever of entering the lists against Helen Lestocq. A personal interest in the love of Mr. Sinclair was as far from her thoughts as if he were any other acquaintance or stranger that crossed her path; but his welfare, his happiness, and his approbation were much to her. For their attainment she would have done a great deal, anything, everything except draw upon herself a suspicion of the presumption that had no place in her heart. Gladly would she have heard that his engagement was broken off, but that was for his own sake, because she could not bear that his worth should be wedded to such unworthiness. Further, she fully believed herself incapable of speculating.

Her dress was soon changed, and adding a bunch of violets to relieve its sombre hue, she hurried away, hoping to exchange a few words with Mr. Sinclair before dinner. They met in the passage, when Mr. Sinclair, with some little word of pleasure at seeing her, opened the door, and followed her into the drawing-room.

"You say mamma is well?" began Mona. "I

am sometimes puzzled over her letters; she writes as if she were going to leave the cottage."

As her eyes put her words into an interrogative form, Mr. Sinclair immediately answered, and with a smile of something like repressed amusement in the corners of his mouth, "She intends leaving the cottage at midsummer, to Mr. Payne's great regret."

"And why?" said Mona, blushing shyly, assured that she was about to hear of some ill-considered intention, to say the least.

"She is going to keep house for Mr. Graves. Don't make yourself uneasy about it," he continued, as Mona started and looked distressed. "If you could see or imagine half the pleasure this arrangement is giving to all parties you would be reconciled to it. The move is supposed to be a secret, but the satisfaction arising from it is so great to each individual, that one and all cannot refrain from alluding to it. Mrs. Moreton rejoices that she will not have to spend another winter like the last, and your sister is delighted with the prospect of a home where she will have nothing particular to do, except take care of her mother and help her to manage the household. Mr. Graves is equally pleased, and goes about asking where he can buy the prettiest pony-carriage for a lady's use."

"If every one knows it, why has not mamma told me?" asked Mona.

"There may be a letter on the road, or perhaps Mrs. Moreton defers her communication until it is a *fait accompli*," rejoined Mr. Sinclair.

The entrance of Mrs. Fraser and Fanny put an end to the conversation about Mrs. Moreton. As Mona did not pursue it, Mr. Sinclair let it drop for the present, strengthened by the sight of her careworn face in the resolution to do his best to reconcile her to a state of things she could not prevent, and which was, on the whole, satisfactory rather than otherwise. Knowing Mrs. Moreton's weak, troublesome character, he was only persuaded of the advisability of the meditated step on her children's account, as well as on her own, though his reasons were not such as a daughter could like to hear.

The evening passed without anything special to mark it, too quickly perhaps for some of the party. Fanny informed her uncle that at the end of the season she should be able to claim her promised watch, and showed her tractability by going to bed when desired.

Thinking it right to leave the brother and sister together, Mona soon followed, not doubting that some opportunity would present itself the following day for consulting Mr. Sinclair about her brother. No sooner had Mr. Sinclair wished Mona "good-night," and closed the door upon her, than he asked his sister at what hour the letters were delivered in the morning.

"About nine. Do you expect any of consequence?"

"Are there any letters for me?" had been Mr. Sinclair's first words on arriving, though he had travelled so fast that the post could hardly have outstripped him; and now, instead of answering Mrs. Fraser's question, he abruptly put one to her. "What is the explanation of this resolution of Helen Lestocq?"

"What resolution? I know of none."

Taking Cecil's letter from his pocket-book, he handed it to his sister, who perused it with genuine surprise, and then regarded her brother with a half-frightened air. "You knew nothing of this?"

"Nothing whatever. Cecil never said a word about it to me, nor did Miss Lestocq."

They both remained silent. Mr. Sinclair repurposed the letter, and Mrs. Fraser continued to regard him without speaking.

"Cecil could not have had the bad taste to play off a hoax of this kind upon me," said Mr. Sinclair, breaking the silence after a time.

"Scarcely," replied Mrs. Fraser.

But though both agreed in the improbability of such a thing, neither could suggest a better elucidation.

Cecil had left Nice some time about the beginning of April, nearly three weeks ago, and the Lestocqs some ten days later. Neither party had given a hint bordering upon this idea, and they had gone in different directions, so that they could not have met very recently.

Mrs. Fraser was disconcerted because no letter from Miss Lestocq had been received. Even when suggesting that the expected letter might arrive on the morrow, she was greatly at a loss to understand such a decision on the part of Helen.

"That Cecil admires her, likelier, that he would not object to be in your place, I can conceive," said Mrs. Fraser, beginning to sound her memory and impressions; "but that he would act a dishonourable part—"

She stopped in her defence and turned pale. Her heart began to sink at the recollection of various incidents, having no particular signification for her at the time, but which, viewed in connection with this mysterious letter, might betoken a deeper attachment than the prospective relationship explained.

"I hope it is not so," she said, changing her tone and phraseology. "It would be as much pain to me to see one brother suffer as to have to blush for the other."

She laid her hand kindly upon Warren's, and then sat still, endeavouring to argue away the newborn suspicion.

Warren smiled grimly, and remained silent, leaving all conversation to his sister, or rather abandoning her to a monologue, first upon the possibility, and afterwards the certainty, of such ideas being false and groundless as the brighter, better side of Cecil's character impressed itself more solidly upon her mind. Had Mrs. Fraser been able to read what was passing in Warren's thoughts, she might have spared herself needless fretting and anxiety.

Mr. Sinclair, being tired with his long journey, retired early, but not to sleep. A hope, based upon the suggestion made by Mrs. Fraser, entered into his soul, and kept his feelings in a whirl too great for slumber.

Ah! were it so, how readily he could forgive his brother, and see him the possessor of his once affianced bride, in whose cold, haughty bearing he had ceased to find any charm. For him there was an untold sweetness in the face he had seen looking at him so seriously that evening; those eyes might be dimmed with sorrow, but would never, he was sure, glitter with temper. The gentle, sympathetic voice and patient adherence to duty, the quick sensitiveness to a parent's weakness, and the evident satisfaction it was to hear his mother exonerated from blame, all this, and a great deal more, Mr. Sinclair had found to increase his admiration during the few hours he had spent in her society. Yet he once surprised in her a strange expression as he caught her

looking at him. A pained, unhappy look, a dread of something. Of what was she afraid? That he would be hard upon her brother? She had answered evasively when he inquired after him, and seemed glad to change the subject.

"Whatever is wrong, she shall find a staunch friend in me," he said to himself, "and her brother too, for her sake. Far or near I will watch over her, and no one shall hurt a hair of her head."

But another thought lay deep down in his heart, which he was equally determined to carry into action. If this communication of Cecil's proved to be true, he resolved that twenty-four hours should not elapse after its certitude before he asked Mona Moreton to be his wife.

"If only the welcome letter would arrive to-morrow!" was his last waking thought, from which it may be seen that the long, solitary winter at Hillesden had wrought a great change in the sentiments and feelings of the rector.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE morning, however, brought no letter for Mr. Sinclair, who could scarcely be convinced that there was not one for him amongst the packet placed before Mrs. Fraser at breakfast-time. Twice at his request she turned it over, and then, laughing at his look of incredulity, allowed him to search for himself.

"Perhaps it was a hoax, a very bad one," he was thinking, and unconsciously lapsed into a gloomy silence, when a letter of no trifling importance, judging from its effect, was brought in and given to Miss Moreton, with the words that often have something unpleasant in them, "Waiting for an answer."

Casting her eye quickly over the contents of the envelope, Mona turned extremely pale, and could scarcely articulate what was meant to be a request to be excused, as she rose up, about to depart.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Fraser, eagerly.

"Can I help you?" said Mr. Sinclair, standing up.

"No, thank you, not now." And satisfying Mrs. Fraser's curiosity by giving her the letter, she left the room either to answer it or to question the messenger.

The few lines came from Mrs. Buxton, stating that Mr. Moreton had gone out the previous evening after dinner, and had not yet returned, and asking if his sister could give any explanation of the circumstance.

"I fear that something very bad has happened," observed Mrs. Fraser, addressing her brother, who, catching sight of Fanny's large, wondering eyes, remarked that it was time for her to begin her day's work.

"I had better go and see Mrs. Buxton," he observed, when Fanny, after deferring obedience to her mother's dismissal as long as she could, reluctantly left them together. Before Mr. Sinclair had taken any steps towards carrying out his intention, Fanny returned, saying that there was a strange man asking for Miss Moreton, who was being shown into their sitting-room, and that she did not think he looked like a gentleman at all.

"Will you go and see what is the matter? I really am afraid," said Mrs. Fraser, as, trembling with agitation, and drawing Fanny into her arms, she hid her face upon the child's shoulder. Visions of some

unknown misfortune impending were too much for the bright little widow to bear alone; she was truly thankful to have her grave, sedate brother to depend upon.

Mr. Sinclair arrived in time to hear a short, sharp cry of intense suffering, and to see Mona's eyes close, and her hands wave in the air as if trying to catch at some support. Hurrying forward, he was just able to prevent her from falling to the ground. Having seated her in an easy-chair, he turned to the stranger for an explanation. His first words conveyed sufficient enlightenment.

"I am come from the Hôtel de Russie at Monaco to communicate with a Miss Mona Moreton."

Mistaking the look of surprise on Mr. Sinclair's face for one of doubt, the man quickly sought to remove it.

"Voilà ma lettre de credit," he said with a sinister smile, pointing to something in Mona's hand.

Mr. Sinclair then perceived she held a paper so tightly grasped that it was only with gentle violence that he could remove it. This was an empty envelope directed to Mr. Edward Moreton with Mrs. Buxton's address upon it.

"Not understanding what seems to me an ill-timed pleasantry, I am under the necessity of asking you to state your meaning," said Mr. Sinclair, with a gravity that was in itself a rebuke.

"Oh, the lady knows. The young gentleman is very bad and wishes to see her. You understand we are always glad when 'ces sujets-là' have friends to come to them."

Sorely hurt at the term used, to which no translation could adequately give the contempt the words conveyed, deepened as it was by the speaker's tone of voice, Mr. Sinclair hastened to assure him that some one would go over immediately, and that the young man should be cared for, "If not his sister," he added with emphasis, "myself or another."

"It had better be at once; we never know what turn these things may take. I go back by the next train, and shall be happy to take charge of the lady. If there is delay, it may be too late."

Mr. Sinclair beckoned the man out of the room, in order to ascertain fuller particulars without further distressing Mona, and then sent Mrs. Fraser to her assistance, a precaution well intended, but useless, as the messenger, conscientious in the discharge of his commission, had already told the worst. Mona knew that the young man had attempted suicide. Such additional facts as the man knew he freely disclosed—how the gentleman arrived late last evening and inquired for a room, without exciting any suspicion, such incidents being too common to arrest any peculiar attention, and the state in which he was found in the morning.

Mr. Sinclair immediately suggested telegraphing for the best medical advice from Mentone, that being the nearest town.

"We have the best ourselves; practice makes perfect," returned the man, with the same repulsive smile as before. For him these scenes had lost much of their horror. Though unchronicled or concealed, they were really of too frequent occurrence to cause their painful character to be felt in full force. It is a known fact that the press is bribed to silence. The public hears much of the *fiétes* that take place at Monaco, but its suicides are consigned to oblivion.

Dismissing the messenger, Mr. Sinclair returned to look after Mona, and found Mrs. Fraser insisting

upon it that she was unfit to encounter a scene so frightful.

"But I must go, you know I must. Oh, do not attempt to dissuade me! There is no one to help him in his misery but me!" she was saying, with her hands clasped together, and her eyes fixed beseechingly upon Mrs. Fraser. As soon as Mr. Sinclair entered, she addressed him in a tone of entreaty, "I may go, may I not? Poor, poor Edward! it is only I who can pity and forgive him, and love him, even unto death!"

The last word was pronounced with a sob of irrepressible anguish. She saw what the fatal result must be, and understood how he would suffer. At any cost, her place was at his pillow.

"You shall go, my dear Miss Moreton, only try to be a little calmer; things may not be so bad as represented. Your brother is young, and youth has many chances," said Mr. Sinclair, taking her hand and leading her towards the door. "Get ready at once, for the train starts in half an hour."

"Thank you, thank you," said the poor stricken girl, with an exuberance of gratitude, as if she were receiving a boon. Her spirit was so crushed that she had no idea of resistance, and yet to separate her from Edward appeared an act of cruelty. With trembling fingers she put on her bonnet, threw a shawl round her shoulders, and then said she was ready, forgetful of every other preparation. Happily, those about her were more thoughtful of her than she was of herself. Mrs. Fraser's maid, under her mistress's directions, put a few necessities into a carpet-bag, and Mrs. Fraser dropped a purse into her pocket, sending a thrill of pain through her frame by telling her to be careful of her money, as she was going into a land of pickpockets.

The preparations completed, Mona, confused and bewildered, took hold of Mrs. Fraser's hand and asked to be forgiven, for her heart was breaking. Shaken even in her understanding by the shock she had sustained, she fancied she was doing wrong in going contrary to Mrs. Fraser's wishes, and yet was unable to yield to them. "I will come back again—if I may," she meekly added; "but perhaps you would rather not. I should always be his sister, and must share his disgrace. I cannot now reproach him," she murmured, and walked as in a dream, feeling her way.

"Of course you will come back to me, and very soon, perhaps," said Mrs. Fraser, kindly. "Perhaps you will find your brother better than you expect. Here is Warren waiting for you; he will bring me the news."

Mr. Sinclair drew Mona's arm under his own, and led her downstairs to the cab waiting to convey them to the station. In a short time they were in the railway carriage, the night-bag deposited in the network overhead to prevent delay on arriving, and Mr. Sinclair seated opposite to her.

Whenever Mona could withdraw her feelings from her sorrowful errand, it was to give them up to gratitude. Though no phrase of sympathy was addressed to her, she knew that she possessed it. She felt it in the least word he addressed to her, in the touch of his hand when she encountered it in any little service he rendered, and in a continuous attention paid to her comfort. Grateful she was, also humble, because she regarded herself as a participator in Edward's unworthiness; his disgrace must also necessarily be hers.

Arriving at their destination in about half an hour, Mr. Sinclair engaged one of the small carriages in attendance, and they were soon mounting the hilly road trodden so wearily by Edward yesterday in the midnight gloom, now gorgeously beautiful in its sunlight splendour. On reaching the hotel, Mr. Sinclair asked for an interview with the director. Mona was conducted into a private room, whose shabby furniture and gloomy aspect suited but too well the state of her mind. When Mr. Sinclair appeared, after a short absence, she rose mechanically, and fixed her clear, sorrowful eyes upon him, waiting to be told what to do next.

"This is a sad, sad story," he said, taking both her hands in his, and looking down upon her with pity on his earnest countenance. "But it is something that your brother still lives, and may recover. The doctor is not entirely without hope. Great care, good nursing, and the avoidance of everything calculated to disturb or excite him are requisite. God guide and help you through this heavy trial, my poor girl, and sustain you as He did me in my great extremity. He helps us when no other can, and leads His children by a way they know not, if only they trust Him. You will trust Him to do all things well; will you not?" he asked, continuing to look at her with compassionate anxiety.

"I will try," she faintly whispered.

"Are you ready?"

And as Mona, unable to speak again from fear and agitation, bent her head in token of assent, he again drew her arm within his and walked towards the door. In the entrance, a couple of waiters were hanging about, and a maid-servant made way for them to pass, as the director preceded them upstairs, all regarding Mona with a curiosity from which she would have shrunk had she been aware of it. They stopped before a door half way down a long passage.

"The young lady may enter. He has been asking for her so often that her presence will be no surprise," said the director.

"Would you rather see him first alone, or shall I accompany you?" asked Mr. Sinclair, holding her back.

"Alone," answered Mona.

"You are going perhaps to have a great shock. The loss of blood has been considerable, and he will be consequently much changed. That and the bandages and all the accessories of sickness will be very trying. Are you really prepared?"

"I don't know," answered Mona, with a sob. She was beginning to feel frightened.

"Shall I go in first?" inquired Mr. Sinclair.

Firm in spirit, though with a trembling voice, Mona answered, "No." She had sufficient presence of mind to recollect that the sight of Mr. Sinclair might produce emotion prejudicial to the sick man, whereas he was expecting to see her.

"Are you sure?" he asked again. He was tender of the feelings of the brave girl going to endure such certain pain, and wished to spare her if possible.

"I will go alone; he might like it better so," she answered, taking hold of the handle of the door.

"Well, I will be within call. Don't forget me if you require aid," and with a murmured "God bless and help you," he raised her hand reverently to his lips and opened the door; after waiting a minute to be sure that his presence was not needed, he closed it upon her and remained outside.

A few paces inside the room brought her in view of the bed whereon her brother lay. The stillness and solemnity of death pervaded the chamber. Was it, then, too late? Had her brother, more loved in this moment of supreme grief than in any former part of his life, gone to judgment with all his offences, the one unattonable one superadded, around his head? With a sharp and a bitter cry she flung herself down upon her knees beside the bed and sobbed aloud to relieve her bursting heart, and then she felt a movement. Raising her head, she encountered a pair of lustreless eyes fixed upon her, and the lips feebly parted to pronounce her name. "Thank God! Oh! thank God you live!" she exclaimed, almost beside herself at this sudden relief from the heaviest of all sorrows. "I will pray night and day, I will weary heaven with prayers that you may be spared and forgiven."

The bloodless lips moved again, but no sound issued from them. Remembering that agitation of any kind was bad for him, and might be fatal, she calmed herself with effort, and rising, kissed him tenderly as a mother might a sick child.

"I have been very wicked; do you think you will be able to forgive me?" he whispered low, and his eyes grew dim with tears that gathered in them.

"If we hope to obtain forgiveness from God for our offences daily committed against Him, what am I, and what is any earthly creature, that we should be hard against an erring brother?"

"But when you know all," murmured the sick youth, "the shame as well as the sin—"

"The shame is in the sin, and sin may be forgiven. Remember, dear, what we have been taught, and what we profess to believe—that we have a Saviour who can cleanse us from all sin."

"But not from the shame of our evil deeds; that must remain."

To this Mona could give no answer, but she soothed him with her caresses, and bade him keep quiet. He seemed comforted at having her near him, laid his hand upon hers, and pathetically asked her not to leave him whilst he lived. The promise readily given seemed to console him, and he was willing to lie still so long as she sat beside him. Looking round the room, she was struck by its meagre accommodation for an invalid. There were no comforts, no sign of the thoughtful endeavours to alleviate suffering usually found in a sick-room. A bottle and a glass stood on a chest of drawers, and a cup of cold broth on a table near the bed, certainly not appetising. Cases of this sort evoked little sympathy; they were inconvenient at hotels, and unless friends were near to influence, were likely to be neglected.

Finding that Edward had again sunk into the same drowsy state from which his explosive grief had roused him, she quietly withdrew her hand and went to call Mr. Sinclair. He was walking up and down the long passage, and hurried to meet her.

"He is half asleep, would you like to see him?" she asked, feeling herself incapable of giving any particulars of their interview.

Mr. Sinclair assented, and after standing a few minutes by the bedside, took Mona away, and explained what she was to do. "You will obey in all things, will you not?" he asked.

"I must nurse my brother."

"You shall nurse him, but with help. I have seen the doctor, who will bring you a competent nurse

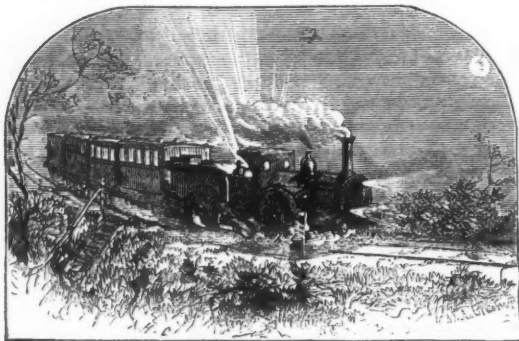
for a few nights while special care is necessary. Your room is to communicate with your brother's, you are to take all your meals in an adjoining sitting-room, and you are to promise to withdraw from the sick-chamber for a portion of every day. My conditions are not hard," he said, with a kind smile.

"I have no claim to such kindness," replied Mona, dropping her eyelids to hide her grateful tears.

"Yes you have, that which every sufferer has upon his fellow-creatures," he replied in measured tones; but had Helen Lestocq seen the tenderness that lay in his heart towards this much-tried girl, she might not have been over-pleased.

"Your first proof of obedience will be to let this young woman take your place while you come and lunch with me," he said, beckoning to a respectable-looking person, who was evidently in attendance for that purpose.

ENGINE-DRIVERS AND THEIR LIFE.



HOW few among the multitudes who roll along so easily in our comfortable railway carriages ever give a thought to the man who is directing the wonderful force which is whirling them through space with such speed and safety.

When on board ship, the man at the helm, on whose careful steering so much depends, is in a conspicuous position, in sight of the passengers. We admire the steadfastness with which his attention is fixed alternately on the captain or pilot, or on his compass or look-out ahead. Knowing the need for this attention, we feel little temptation to disobey the injunction, "Do not speak to the man at the wheel." But how different it is when we are in a train. The man upon whose careful driving our safety depends is not seen. We very often complete our journey without having given his existence a thought. Many a time as we, in common with hundreds of others, have been passing the engine on our way out of the terminus to which we have just been brought from our comfortable homes to our work in the great city, we have noticed the driver leaning over his engine, and scanning the faces of those whom he has been guiding to their destination, and not seldom have we seemed to read in his face some such thought as this: "You little think, many of you ladies and gentlemen, how hard I have been working with head and hand, especially with head, for the last hour or two to bring you here safely. You get into your comfortable carriages and read your book or newspaper, or enjoy your chat or the view from the window, and you

never give so much as a thought to the driver who is carrying you along with such security. I suppose you think that the train takes itself along without anybody to guide it. To see your faces one would think it really did."

Do we not all of us have to plead more or less guilty to this indictment? But *ought* it to be so? Why should the difference be so great between the feelings with which we regard the steersman and those which we have towards the engine-driver?

Why should we not give to our engine-drivers the same amount of thought, and any kindness which springs from thought, that we do even to our postmen or policemen, or to any other class of men who serve us faithfully and well?*

Few engine-drivers remain many years at their post. As one of them said to the writer, "His head wouldn't stand it." He went on to explain: "You have no idea of the strain upon a man's head when he is going along at forty miles an hour with a load of precious lives behind him, so dependent on his care. He never knows what danger may lie just the other side of the curve round which he is rushing. And on a dark and misty night, or perhaps with the rain or snow beating in his face and nearly blinding him, the strain of anxiety is of course very much worse." This man, feeling that his head would no longer stand the strain, or allow him to do justice either to his employers or to the public, obtained leave to retire to a little quiet country line, where he had no Sunday work, and what he did on week-days was play, he considered, compared with what he had been accustomed to.

Considering the life that engine-drivers lead, exposed as they are to all weathers, and even after taking into consideration the greatly improved accommodation and shelter now provided for them by the companies, we think the travelling public have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the high character for sobriety which these men keep up. A friend of ours, a London station-master of twenty-seven years' experience, once told us that the improvement in this respect among engine-drivers and firemen during that period had been wonderful. A quarter of a century ago he could remember that engine-drivers, though not perhaps often drunk when on duty, were among the fastest and loosest living men there were, but that now they maintain a high character for steadiness when off, as well as when on, their engines. Their temptations to drink are great. We ourselves, when going down to Scotland by the night train, have several times seen drivers refuse drink foolishly offered to them by gentlemen passengers.

We need hardly remind our readers of the thorough and complete mastery which a driver must have over every minute part of his engine. In order to this he must have a detailed knowledge of each part. This he has got through his previous training. Beginning usually as a cleaner, he becomes from his occupation personally acquainted with each piece of the locomotive, and its relation to the whole. Then as a fireman he gains the knowledge of how this wonderful piece of mechanism is ruled and guided. Under the orders of his driver he learns what to do in each emergency as it arises, and in the course of years—he very often passes ten or twelve years in cleaning and firing—he is competent to take charge

* We have long been in the habit, instead of leaving a newspaper or magazine in the carriage at the end of a journey, of handing it to the driver in passing out, who always receives it with thankfulness, and sometimes with surprise, as if it were an unusual thing.—Ed. L. H.

of an engine himself, having in his turn a fireman under him.

But the most accurate knowledge of his engine would not serve him in driving unless his head were perfectly clear. Even the smallest quantity of confusion produced by drink in that head, and of what avail would be his full knowledge of his engine? We repeat therefore that we may be thankful that engine-drivers as a class are so sober.

A locomotive inspector at one of our largest London stations has told us that in the past three years he has only once had occasion to speak to a man for having had a glass too much. And their good reputation in this respect is the more remarkable when we consider, in addition to what we have noticed above, the great freedom in which they do their work, and the large number of them that there are. Five years ago there were no fewer than 9,600 of them in the United Kingdom, besides, of course, an equal number of firemen; and it is considered by those who are well able to judge, that their numbers throughout the country since that period have very

nearly doubled. One railway company alone that we know has nearly doubled the number of its engine-drivers in the last three years.

In conclusion, we would only say that, knowing what an engine-driver's life is in all weathers, and having had many opportunities of conversing with them, we can tell our readers that an engine-driver's life is a peculiarly hard and wearing life both for the body and mind.* And we shall consider the purpose of this little sketch well answered if it leads even a few of the enormous railway travelling public to take a little more interest in the man who is driving them, to remember that they are being carried along, not, by a mere machine, and to reflect that, in order to their safety in travelling, the driver has to toil hard with head and hand, as well as to be stretched for hours together on the rack of constant anxiety.

* When there was a dispute recently, and a threatened strike on account of reduction of wages, our sympathy was all with the men, although sure that boards of gentlemen-directors would not cut off the shillings of hard-working and worthy men without dire necessity. Their own salaries and those of the higher officials of the companies had no doubt been previously reduced.—ED. L. H.

THE BLACK FOREST.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

I.—ITS HISTORY.

INCREASING interest and curiosity have of late years gathered round this part of Germany, owing, no doubt, in a great degree, to new facilities for travelling through its length and breadth. Formerly, in consequence of the time required and the expense involved by a tour amidst its extended scenery, few persons were able to accomplish the undertaking; but now that fresh roads have been opened up, and especially since the construction of the romantic railway from Offenburg to Singen, multitudes of holiday-makers every year betake themselves to this attractive district, and come home with glowing descriptions on their lips, which tempt others to imitate their example. It is twenty years since we first became acquainted with some portions of the Black Forest, when diligences and private carriages along ancient routes were the only methods of conveyance. How changed the arrangements, how improved the conveniences and comforts, which we found provided this last summer, far beyond what could be met with in excursions taken during the intervening years! There is, perhaps, no other easily accessible part of the Continent which just now presents so many novel attractions—novel in the sense of being unfamiliar to English travellers; and therefore it may be welcome to many of our readers to have placed before them some notices of the history, the scenery, and the industrial employments of the grand old German Schwarzwald.

The present is an age of great cities. We can point to enormous centres of population where millions are crowded together commanding all the resources of modern civilised life. The past was an age of great forests, when men were, with few exceptions, more scattered and less stationary; when they wandered from spot to spot with their flocks and herds, or in hunting expeditions, on foot or on horseback, and looked with wondering awe upon immense hills and valleys clothed with the thickest woods, and infested with wolves and boars. Even in the great forest age, the *Hercynia Sylva* was renowned.

It reached from Suabia to Saxony, touched the Rhine, and ran along the banks of the Danube as far as Transylvania. Cæsar spent nine days in crossing a part of it, and it took more than eight weeks to traverse it from end to end in its longest direction. The warrior and historian gives an account of its character, and of its wild beasts, in the sixth book of his Gallic Wars. In the *Hercynia Sylva* were included, on the north, a region called the *Marciana Sylva*, and, on the south, the *Mons Abnoba*; the former ran up near the countries now known as Thuringia and the Harz—the latter unfolded the sources of the River Danube. Of the vast sweep of these rather indefinite boundaries some idea may be formed by a glance at the modern map of Europe; roughly they may be said to correspond with the present Grand Duchy of Baden, and that district or cycle of the kingdom of Wurtemberg which bears the name of the Black Forest. The old *Marciana Sylva* and the *Mons Abnoba* are not identical with the German Schwarzwald; but they included this large region of wooded hills, bounded by the Rhine on the west and south, and by the Neckar and Suabia to the north and east. The Schwarzwald, according to the "Imperial Gazetteer," is 150 miles long, and, in some part, 45 miles broad. Towards the north the mountain chain rapidly subsides, and some geographers mark it as terminating near Neuenburg and Pforzheim. The north division is called the Lower Schwarzwald, the south portion the Higher. The culminating point is the Feldberg, 4,800 feet high. The whole of the Schwarzwald is now encompassed, and the south is penetrated, by a railway.

At the remote period just noticed—the age of forests—it was scarcely accessible, and only a few daring spirits attempted to explore its dark depths. The sombre hue of its wide-spreading woods has given it its modern name, and it seems to have suggested images of terror, and inspired emotions of fear, in the minds of the roving tribes who peopled

the north and eastern sides. They looked upon it, however, as a natural defence against the aggressions of the Roman Empire, which made inroads upon Germany, and they rejoiced in the difficulties presented by the black chain of hills to the march of conquering legions. For a long period the forests had few or no inhabitants, but people wandered or settled on its skirts, and then gradually cleared their way into the interior, seeking in the valleys pasturage for their cattle, cutting down from the hills materials for their habitations. Ethnologists think

The best known of such relics are at Baden-Baden. The vaults of the masonry enclosing the *Ursprung*, the principal of the hottest mineral springs, is of Roman construction; and fragments of Roman sculpture, dug up in the vicinity, have been placed in the building over the fountain; among them are votive tables and altars to Neptune, Mercury, and Juno. Roman vapour baths seem to have existed where the *Neue Schloss* now stands, for remains are shown in the subterranean parts of that interesting edifice, which plainly point to Roman times. The district watered by the



A BLACK FOREST RAILWAY.

that they can discover in the present inhabitants indications of physical and mental differences which they ascribe to varieties of race; and hence they hazard a theory of distinct tribes having here come together, some of Celtic, others of Teutonic origin. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that at an early date, however the Germans might look on the Schwarzwald as a bulwark of protection, the Romans made their way into the neighbourhood, laying down roads and erecting forts in the Hercynian Forest, according to their established policy. The remains of a Roman settlement, it is said, are to be seen near Hüfingen, a station on the Black Forest Railway, not far from Donaueschingen, where, in an interesting museum, some Roman antiquities are preserved. Up in the Forest, about Unter Kirnach, on the same line, near Villingen, an ancient roadway has been traced, marked by wheel-ruts, pronounced to be a Roman road connecting *Adaris Flavii* (Rottweil) and other places with the Rhine Valley. At Haslach, also on the Black Forest Railway, we are told there are Roman remains.

Oos, which gives a name to the branch line from the Rhine Valley to Baden, was partially subjugated by Drusus Germanicus, and then more fully conquered by the Emperor Trajan. A Roman colony, named *Civitas Aquensis*, occupied the site of the fashionable modern watering-place. The hot springs were then celebrated; and Caracalla gave Roman freedom to the town, whence it became known as *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*. Baden-Baden is the chief centre for excursions in the Lower Schwarzwald, and is to be regarded as the principal town in that part; and it would appear that this pre-eminence pertained to it of old, and clung to it during the ages of confusion which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. For when the Alemanni, who were the original inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and were subjected by the Romans, fell under the dominion of the Franks, the new masters of Gaul, Baden-Baden having accepted the Christian religion, made, under its Duke Gottfried, repeated attempts to establish independence, but in vain, and the dukedom was abolished in the eighth century by Pepin the Little. But, in the

eleventh century, a Duke Berthold, a reputed descendant of the Alemannian Gottfried, built a castle in the Breisgau, and founded the line of the Zähringen princes, one of whom, in the twelfth century, took the title of Margrave of Baden, and was the ancestor of the illustrious house which still reigns over the Grand Duchy.

The history of the country is dim and indistinct during the mediæval period. The Germans have a saying, when a number of particulars touching a subject perplex the mind, that "you cannot see the wood for the trees." Certainly it is not on that account that we are unable to discern the historical line which

mists—shadows of forms cast by spectators—stories are told in prose and verse of ancient heroes, and supernatural beings who lived mysterious lives. In the very indifferent frescoes painted on the walls of the Baden Trinkhalle, under the long and stately colonnade, some of these legends are embodied in form and colour. There is the *Kellerbild*, which commemorates a phantom maid who haunted the spot so named—two hours' distance from Baden—and fascinated a wanderer, who, after thrice meeting her, in an ecstasy of love, threw himself into her arms, only to perish in her embrace. There, too, is painted the *Mummelsee*, a rocky basin on the road from Achern to



ALLERHEILIGEN ABBEY.

runs through the Schwarzwald of the dark ages. There are scarcely any trees to be seen. The wood is lost in dense clouds, such as, to the disappointment and mortification of the Baden visitor, sometimes envelop and conceal the scenery all round the castle. Legends, it is true, float before the imagination. Like the images seen on the face of the Brocken

Allerheiligen, where the *Undines*, or Lake Maidens, dwelt in crystal palaces, amidst gardens of coral, and, ascending at night, danced to sweet music in the forest dells, and then vanished at cock-crow. There also may be seen a picture of the *Teufels Kanzel*, a place six miles from Baden, not far from Gernsbach, where the devil is reported to have

preached; while, near at hand, stood the *Engels Kanzel*, where an angel of light proclaimed the truth, and destroyed the work of the evil one. In the room of history, such dreams gather round some of the woods and waters of the Schwarzwald; and but little can be discerned in the shape of solid fact by the student who strives to penetrate into the condition of the region ten centuries ago.

Some faint rays of actual truth shoot athwart the dark vista as we travel up and down this romantic realm, for the ruins of abbeys meet us here and there; and castles, or the remains of them, adorn some of the most picturesque landscapes.

The missionary labours of Boniface form an interesting chapter in German ecclesiastical annals, but the scenes amidst which those labours were carried on lay to the north of the territory now under consideration; through the influence of other like-minded evangelists, however, Christianity, as it was then understood, made its way into the Black Forest. It was preached to the scattered inhabitants; and at a time when monastic habits were in the ascendancy, brethren of the cowl erected convents in several nooks and corners of the Schwarzwald, and by their industry brought surrounding lands into cultivation, while they instructed the peasantry in some of the elements of the Christian faith.

Two miles from Baden-Baden, at the end of a charming avenue of trees, lies Lichtenthal, a bright green valley, famous for a monastery built by the Margraves of Baden to shelter one of the religious brotherhoods. On the way thence to Wildbad, through Gernsbach, one may pass through Herrenalb, a village grouped around buildings which belonged to a celebrated abbey, and tombstones of the wicked chiefs who presided over the establishment are found in the churchyard. Hirshau is another village in the same portion of the Lower Schwarzwald, which can boast of the ruins of a convent dedicated to St. Peter. But of all the ecclesiastical ruins which we have seen in the Black Forest, there are none so remarkable as those of Allerheiligen, within a pleasant drive from Achern on the Baden Railway, an excursion we shall describe in a subsequent paper. We might also notice the church at Peterzell, built by the monks of Reichenau, and the great Benedictine Abbey at St. Georgen, both which places border the line which runs from Offenburg to Singen. St. Blasen, on the road from Freiburg to Albruck, is another example. Such buildings, at different dates of the middle ages, denote the advance, step by step, of religion and civilisation in regions once inhospitable, and scarcely ever trodden before by the feet of men. These buildings became centres of population, and villages sprang up round the abbey walls.

The age of abbeys was also an age of castles; they are found, in preservation or in ruins, in several parts of the Baden and Wurtemberg dominions, within the Forest circles. The visitor at Baden-Baden is almost sure to take a drive to Schloss Eberstein, which crowns a rocky hill commanding a most delightful view of the picturesque valley of the Murg. The figure of a wild boar, from which the castle takes its name, is conspicuous on the gateway; and entering the outer courtyard, you can go round to an inner one, which, recently restored, gives a good idea of the baronial homes and haunts of the wild days, images of which history seeks to recover from oblivion. There are not far off the ruins of another castle, that of Alt Eberstein, originally a

Roman watch-tower. In connection with it is told a story to the effect that Otho I., wishing to reduce it to his sway, invited the count who possessed it to a tournament at Spire, with a view to seize it during his absence. But the emperor's daughter fell in love with the count, and disclosed the plot, whereupon he hastened home and saved his domain, and the matter ended, of course, in the marriage of the lovers.

The Alte Schloss is one of the chief resorts of Baden visitors, and there one sees the earliest residence of the reigning family. Its situation, perched on a rock overlooking the valleys of the Oos and the Rhine, reminds us how the chieftains of the middle ages sought security by climbing up difficult heights. Not to gaze on beautiful prospects, but to bar their gates and arm their walls against intruding foes, did these old warriors choose the place of their abode. And as the tourist ascends to the top of the remaining towers, and beholds with delight villages, spires, and water-mills, he is reminded by the force of contrast how different was the aspect of the country when in the middle ages the ladies of the family in hours of peace leaned over those battlements.

The Neue Schloss was not erected until the latter part of the fifteenth century, when less savage times released noble families from the necessity of building their nests among the rocks. In 1471 the present castle at the top of the town was begun, and after demolitions, additions, and alterations, it remains, in part, what it was at first—or rather it enables an intelligent visitor to picture to himself what it has been, and to surround the court, and enliven the apartments, with the scenes and associations of other days. The most interesting part of the castle consists of the curious subterranean passages and dungeons, which throw light on the condition of society at the period of their construction, and thus, in the absence of documents, supply materials for history. We revisited these dismal recesses not long ago, after the lapse of more than twenty years, and they deepened impressions already vivid. We saw the perpendicular shafts by which alone, originally, the dungeons were accessible; and the winding passages connected with this shaft, through which it would appear that people entered or were dismissed; and the doors of wood or iron which separated one part from another, and the enormous solid slabs of stone, turning upon ingeniously-constructed pivots, which close up some of the cells; and the *Folter Kammer*, or rack-chamber, with iron rings on the walls suggestive of instruments of torture formerly suspended there; and the hall of judgment, where sat the masters of the mysterious tribunal on stone benches, a niche being reserved for the president, who was placed close to the outlet, whence came in and went out himself and his colleagues. We saw also the passage containing a well or pit under the floor—now boarded over, once covered with a trapdoor, down which, you are told, the condemned were thrown after being led up to a figure of the Virgin, which they were directed to kiss. Moreover, we had a glimpse of the pit itself, the opening being visible under the boards, the pit once containing a machine consisting of lancet-studded wheels, which tore to pieces the wretched victims thrown against their sharp sides. This mystery of iniquity was discovered, as the story goes, in the attempt to recover a little dog that had fallen into the midst of the cruel machinery, which was found still to retain rusty knives and remains of rags and human bones.

This collection of horrors has excited much curiosity as to its origin and purpose. The entire subterranean arrangement has been connected by some German antiquaries, followed by Sir Walter Scott in his "Anne of Geierstein," with the famous Vehm of Westphalia; and it has been supposed that, according to forms observed by that tribunal, prisoners were conveyed blindfold into the castle, then seated in a chair and wound up to a high storey, whence by a windlass they were let down the shaft into the subterranean prison, and thence conducted to the judgment hall, where they were acquitted or sentenced to inhuman punishment. The constitution of the Westphalian Vehm has been closely examined, its codes of law and manifold arrangements have undergone learned scrutiny; and between some of its meetings, those held in broad day, and the open field, and such proceedings as could have gone on in the Castle of Baden-Baden, no resemblance whatever can be traced. What was done in these vaults must have differed from what was done in the public courts of that well-known tribunal. Hence some writers have treated the stories told about the Black Forest Castle with ridicule, and have disdained to attempt any explanation of facts visible to the eyes of every visitor. But secrecy, after all, was the characteristic mark of the Vehm. Its members formed a secret association, and had a secret code of laws, and carried on their proceedings in secret. If the court sat in an open place, still it bore no resemblance to public tribunals; and the Vehm certainly had meetings which were concealed from general observation. Where they were held nobody knew but the judges and the prisoners. Such tribunals were instituted, it must be acknowledged, in other places besides Westphalia. A Vehm court existed at Strasburg. It is by no means improbable that one existed at Baden-Baden as well. Of course, such a thing cannot be identified with the Westphalian system; but it is reasonable enough to believe that, with some general resemblance, it might carry out its secret methods of procedure on the edge of the Black Forest. What we have seen in the castle just described demonstrates the existence of some sort of secret tribunal there in the middle ages, and probably afterwards. Justice, as it is termed, was administered in fashions of this description as late as the sixteenth century, when they declined and disappeared.

These institutions shed a lurid light on the social condition of Germany as long as they existed, whatever theory we may adopt to account for their origin. If they arose out of revenge, cruelty, and a spirit of oppression, then how savage must have been the nature which gave them birth and preserved them so long; and if they were rude methods to maintain order in an age of misrule, to put right what was really wrong, then what a reflection is cast upon the public law and government of the day, which needed such perilous means to supplement legal deficiencies.

The Peasants' War, which made a good deal of havoc in Germany four hundred years ago, indicated the miserable state of the rural population at that period. It was one of the fruits of the feudal system, which contained in it a wonderful mixture of good and evil. Oppressive laws ground down the lower classes; irresponsible power produced intense suffering, and the victims of wrong turned against their masters and endeavoured to throw off the galling yoke. The villagers were treated as serfs—denied personal rights, and required to do all man-

ner of things for the lords and ladies of the lands on which they lived. They complained that "they were obliged to hunt for snails, wind yarn, gather fruit, and do all manner of things for others without pay. They had to work for their lords and ladies in fine weather, and for themselves in the rain. Huntsmen and hounds ran about, without considering the damage they did." In Suabia and Thuringia, to the north of the Black Forest, these complaints were rife, hence the wars which sprung up in that part of Germany at the time of the Reformation. Probably some of the people of the Black Forest suffered inconveniences of this description, however quiet and patient they might be. It is a remarkable fact that on the borders of the Black Forest villeinage (*Leibeigenschaft*) continued to obtain down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century; for, at Entingen, two miles beyond Pforzheim, where tourists turn off from the main line of railway, by a branch which leads to the fashionable resort of Wildbad, there stands a small pyramid erected by the villagers to commemorate the abolition of serf-like dependence by Prince Charles Frederick, in 1789. "Before that time," as we are told, "the peasantry of this part of Wurtemberg were *adscripti glebæ*, bought and sold with the land, and obliged to work a certain number of days in the week for their landlords."

DOMESTIC PUZZLES.

BY MRS. WIGLEY, AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME WORK."

WHERE SHALL I BUY—SHOPS OR STORES?

I HAVE read somewhere that when Elizabeth Bronte was a little child of nine years old, some one asked her, "What is the best education a woman can have?" She answered, "That which will enable her to manage her household in the best way."

Now it is just possible that this paper may fall into the hands of some clever little body who will feel inclined to think slightly of such an education. If such an unbeliever would undertake the good management of an ordinary household for just one month, I will answer for it that she would welcome the new moon with a very different opinion. Management! why, there is no such difficult science under the sun as this one! Think of it! *Manage a household in the best way!* That includes the servants, the children, the gude man, and yourself; the furniture, the clothing, and the food; the cleanliness, the comfort, the health; the recreations, the saving, the spending, and the fifty other things that go to make the comfort, the beauty, and the prosperity of every household in the kingdom. And to manage these with that peculiar treatment which belongs to each individual thing, and to no other thing, to be constantly aiming to bring "all and every" to that perfection which is meant by *best*—ah! there's no doubt about it;—a woman requires a very excellent education indeed before she can do all this.

Now, as all managers have to tread pretty much the same highways and by-ways, perhaps it will not altogether be time wasted if, as an old house-keeper, I try to tell you of some of my puzzles in the business, and the way I have tried to get over them. If the same problems are presenting themselves to other minds, as I have no doubt they are, even my solutions may be of some use in the world.

I suppose we are all pretty well agreed that these times are very trying to managers generally, and that if we *do* succeed in making ends meet, we certainly have to try very hard at those refractory terminations before the deed is done.

Well, one day, not long since, I had settled myself into a committee of ways and means, and was wondering where I should find the best market in which to dispose of my little capital, when a circular letter was brought to me, and I put aside my pondering to read.

The circular stated that a co-operative company was about to be formed, in order to establish in our town co-operative stores, and it further invited the reader to become a member by purchasing at once three one-pound shares, which would entitle me to all privileges. The objects of the society were further set forth under four heads, which I copy.

"1. To improve the material and pecuniary means of its members by forming a fund by subscriptions for the purchase of food, clothing, and other necessaries at wholesale prices, and retailing the same at ordinary rates.

"2. To provide a safe and profitable investment for the subscriptions of the shareholders, combining the facilities of the bank with the profits of trade, dividing the net profits quarterly in proportion to the amount of each member's purchases.

"3. To foster habits of prudence, forethought, open and fair trading, early closing, etc.

"4. To adopt the ready-money principle as the unalterable basis of all business."

Of course I had heard of co-operation before, but I do not think the idea conveyed by the circular had ever quite entered my brain. It seemed like being a shopkeeper and then buying your own goods, and at the same time pocketing a profit on the transaction. Why, the more you spent, the greater would be your profits on your purchases!

When my gude man came home, and his creature comforts had been attended to, I showed him the circular.

"So they are going to open some stores here, are they? I wonder what the grocers will have to say to it."

"I wish you would tell me all about these places," I said. "If anything is to be gained by becoming a shareholder, why should not I have the advantage?"

"Why not, indeed, my wise wife!" he answered; "but with your very strong 'live and let live' principles, I am not sure that you will not raise some quibbles at the whole thing. This is the matter as I understand it. It has been no secret for years that the grocers and provision dealers are making a very good thing of it. The price at which they purchase is often not even a distant relation to the price at which they sell, and their customers have become unwilling that so much of their money should be thus turned into grocers' profits only. This has led to the establishment of co-operative stores all over the country. A number of people join together to furnish capital to purchase wholesale those necessaries which they sell to themselves, and they divide the clear profits of the transaction. Some of these stores have been immensely successful. One at Rochdale in 1872 had secured profits to the amount of £33,640, which was divided among the members; and the Civil Service Supply Association, a few years back, had £100,000 to divide, as profits accru-

ing from the sale of goods. I dare say it is ever so much more by this time."

"I think it must be a very good thing for housekeepers," I said. "I wish I had heard all these particulars before."

"Well, my dear, you are such a staunch adherent of that old Mr. Bennett, grocer and provision merchant, that I did not think you could deprive him of our custom for any consideration. *He* would not praise co-operation very heartily, you may depend upon it. Let me give you a few facts from *his* point of view. Everywhere the trade he represents forms a large and respectable class of the inhabitants. Wherever the stores succeed, these very respectable people, more or less, lose some custom, and they complain that those who deal there are taking the bread from their mouths, and sending them to the union."

"Well," I said, "but they have the remedy in their own hands. Let them be content with a fair profit on each article they sell."

"There is no doubt," my husband answered, "that a good many are lowering their prices, but I do not believe they will ever be able to compete with the stores, do what they will."

"But why not? If one set of people can sell an article at such a price and profit by it, surely another can."

"Yes, providing a good many things, my dear. Let me give you my facts, and you will see the drift of it in a twinkling.

"1. Co-operation produces a large capital. The possession of this capital enables the purchaser to buy large quantities in the best markets at reduced prices. Here they have an advantage over the smaller tradesmen.

"2. Shareholders often send £10 or £20 to the fund of the stores, and take it out in goods as they want them, so that they really pay beforehand. No tradesman would be allowed to ask or expect money *beforehand* to be used in his business in this way.

"3. A tradesman must have a good shop in a principal street; he must display his goods invitingly; he must have room for his customers to sit down, and assistants enough to attend to them without loss of time, or they will march off somewhere else. Now a store is often in a very out-of-the-way place, and the pushing and squeezing and waiting got there would not be tolerated in any shop.

"4. A tradesman must keep a horse and cart, or at least a delivery porter to take the goods home, whereas at the stores you must do your own fetching and carrying, except under special arrangement.

"5. Then some stores are exempt from income-tax and receipt-stamp duty, and I do not think they pay a licence to sell anything; the grocer must bear all these expenses.

"6. And last, but not least, a tradesman is required and expected to give credit, and he often gets many bad debts. The stores do nothing without the ready money.

"These are my facts, my wise woman, and when I tell you that a good many people who purchase largely at the stores for ready money do not scruple to run in debt at a grocer's for a great many things to suit their own convenience, then I am sure you will groan tenor at Mr. Bennett's bass."

I laughed. "Well, but what am I to do? I should be very glad indeed to—" And there I stopped.

"You would be very glad indeed to knock poor

old Bennett over, if you were quite sure you would not hurt him; that's the long and short of it. My advice to you is, go and pay a visit to some well-established stores yourself. Our friends, the Greys, are large shareholders. Take the train and go some day when Katy does her shopping; she will be pleased to let you into the whole secret."

And I determined I would follow the advice.

I do not very often take a holiday, you may be sure. Mothers of families, who have need to think longingly of the benefits to be obtained from co-operation, find plenty to do at home.

But on the day appointed by Katy I arranged affairs for the day, gave numberless directions to the nurse and servant, and started on my expedition.

Katy Grey had been a friend of my schooldays, and we were always very glad of an opportunity of spending a few hours together. She met me at the station, and after various inquiries said,

"I thought I would come and meet you, my dear. Going to the stores takes so much time that we cannot afford to lose a minute. We can get to the building sooner from here than we should from our home, so I have arranged that we shall have a little luncheon there, and get back for a nice little high tea before you return."

"Luncheon there!" I said. "Is there a refreshment room attached?"

"My dear, there is everything attached. You see our stores are growing quite a large concern, and it is such a business, getting all one wants on a shopping-day, that one is quite glad of a place for refreshment. I don't think any woman ever goes home from a day's washing more tired than I do after a day at the stores."

"How often do you go, Katy?"

"Once a month, generally. The place is such a distance that I do as much as I can at one time. It is a very great save, there is no doubt, and one puts up with a good deal in these days for the sake of that, but you must expect to find things more rough and ready than you do at a shop."

"Then you consider you do save something by dealing there, Kate?"

"There is no doubt of it, Susy. Why I save at least twenty shillings in the actual price I pay for things, and there is besides this the discount on the purchases. One of Henry's friends was saying last week that he paid in £2 three years ago for shares; that since then he has allowed the discount or percentage on his purchases to accumulate, and that in this way alone he has turned his £2 into £10."

"I don't think I quite understand about this discount."

"Why, my dear, it is just like this. Sometimes you go into a shop and make purchases. The assistant makes out the bill, and deducts twopence in the shilling from the total amount if you pay ready money. At the stores they do the same thing, only instead of giving you this discount there and then, they place it to your credit, by entering it in a book, like a bank-book, or by giving you cheques of some sort, to be redeemed once a month or once a quarter, according to their rules."

"And you really get the articles cheaper, as well as the discount?"

"Yes, some things very much cheaper. The stores publish a list of prices, and though many grocers have wonderfully altered their prices lately, there is still a great deal of difference in the long run. I

have a suspicion that if grocers put one thing down in price, they watch their chance to put another up."

"It seems to me, Katy, that you really invest your money in the stores instead of in something else. Your discount, then, only stands in the place of the interest paid on your capital. You could get that anywhere. The only real advantage must be in obtaining a good article at a moderate price."

"Well, I suppose it is something like that, Susy; but here is the building."

And there, before my eyes, I saw a lofty, substantial building of stone, looking more like a warehouse than anything else. It spread over a large space, and was at least four storeys high. All about it seemed bustle and business, perhaps more so than usual because it was the week before Christmas. Before commencing her shopping, Katy tried to give me some idea of the "organisation and classification" of the whole concern.

On the ground floor were draper's goods, grocery, fancy goods, toys, tinned meats, pickles, preserves, candied fruits, etc. On the upper floors, china, glass, furniture, heavier toys, ironmongery, cutlery, beds, bedding—in short, almost everything you can think of. It was just shops of all kinds under one vast roof.

We went up to the top. Oh, those never-ending stairs, with the mirrors reflecting our puffing and blowing selves at every turn! I did not wonder at Katy's tale of weariness if she did this sort of thing very often in a morning.

"There is a 'lift' to take us up, you know," Katy said; "we will use it next time, only I wanted you to see the extent of the place first."

There has been a good deal said about the lazy way ladies have of making purchases. There was nothing of this in Katy. She set about her business heartily and briskly. She went to the counter set apart for the kind of goods she needed and made her selection. I noticed that she gave a number to the attendant, who entered it in a book, and that she paid for everything at the time to a cashier, and not to the person who served her. This payment was made before the articles were delivered into her hands. While the goods were being packed the customers went and paid for them; afterwards they received their parcel. Purchasers kept their own book of entries, just as they would keep their own bank-book.

But I noticed that there was a weary waiting, waiting, waiting before we could get one thing quite settled. In the departments where most business was transacted people were very particular in stepping up in their turn, or they would have lost their chance. Katy wished to purchase a box of chocolates for her little boy; unfortunately an old lady, with a long list of needs, came just before her. We waited, oh! so long for it, and then, when the old lady had started, and we had selected it, it cost just fivepence halfpenny there—any grocer would have supplied it for sixpence; there was the journey to the cashier to pay for it, and then came the old lady, going very carefully into every item, and looking very keenly after her discount, to keep us waiting over again. I found myself calculating how much time was spent in procuring that one little article, and whether the small amount gained was worth it after all.

And then there was a certain offhandishness, a sort of I-don't-care-whether-I-serve-or-no manner in the attendants. You might sit down if you could find a seat, but they did not find one for you. Once I inquired the price of a pretty-looking toy on the

counter. The young man I addressed looked at me as though I was the very first specimen of a new order in nature that had been imported, and he passed on without speaking. Perhaps he was an absent-minded philosopher. Let us hope, for the sake of co-operative chivalry, that he was.

And I noticed, too, that if Katy could not get exactly what she wanted she took the thing nearest to it. She wanted a ham of about twelve pounds; the nearest was seventeen and a half pounds. She wanted a small box of baking-powder; there were only six-shilling ones. Now, I could not help thinking that this must be a disadvantage in the long run. It is not always well to have "cut and come again" articles—is it, now, my sister housekeepers?

And then that carrying of one's own parcels—oh, it was an affair! I am afraid to say what I looked like in my generous endeavours to be equal to the occasion. Did you ever meet children and young people carrying to the factory the match and night-light boxes they had been making? I must have presented a similar appearance; but, alas! I lacked their self-possession, their jauntiness and ease, as well as their success. I tied the parcels together, I hung them on my fingers by the string, I piled them on one another and hugged them tight: it was all the same. Every now and then there was a terrible spill of the whole concern, and that's the truth.

And then there was the luncheon. In the midst of all the work Katy did not forget this.

Finding the refreshment-room, we seated ourselves at one of the marble-topped tables to get some luncheon, asking for julienne soup.

Two covered bowls containing a clear brown liquid were brought. If there was anything else in those bowls but a spoonful of Liebig, a pint of boiling water, and a sprinkle of pepper, then I'll give up all pretensions to good cookery for ever! I must say, a superabundance of gelatine *never did* agree with me. And we finished up with a sponge-cake, paid 1s. 8d., and went our way to work again.

By the time all the list in Katy's pocket-book was gone through we were tired out, and there was such an accumulation of parcels that we decided to take a cab home.

"Do you always have a cab back?" I asked.

"Not unless I have a lot of things," she answered. "I can take small parcels myself; sometimes I send the girl and one of the boys for the rest. There is an office where you can leave things near the door, but sometimes there are so many things left they have to wait a long time before they can get them."

I had not much time with Katy after seeing her children. I had something to do to catch my train, and my dear gude man met me at the station, and we walked home together. He did not go into the matter till our snug little dinner (pudding unexceptionable!) and our nursery romps were over, and then we discussed the matter, and tried to get a clear and correct idea of the whole question. It stood as follows:—

Advantages gained by purchasing at Co-operative Stores.

There is a list of fixed prices. You can calculate exactly what your shopping will cost you before you start.

The articles are priced at the lowest possible sum, allowing a very small profit on each.

As you help to find the capital which makes the

wholesale purchases, you are entitled to a division of these profits.

As you pay cash for everything you buy, you are entitled to a discount, and you are never anxious about bills coming in.

In bad weather, when you are once "landed" at the stores, you can get all you need without exposing yourself to the elements.

Disadvantages attending such Advantages.

The stores are generally difficult to reach, whereas shops are always at hand. Time and money must be expended before you are on the premises.

The great numbers of purchasers far exceed the number of assistants, hence there must often be delay in obtaining what you want. If the number of assistants are increased, the profits must diminish.

There being "no master about," there is manifested a certain amount of independence in the assistants. "They have no time to waste on politeness."

You must be content to take the nearest thing to your want, which sometimes may cause a good deal of inconvenience, and, it may be, waste also.

The getting of your purchases home is an undertaking easy only to shareholders in some stores, or those who have a servant waiting to carry the articles to their carriage as soon as they are packed up.

"And, in my humble opinion," I said, "these are the very people who do not need to co-operate at all."

"It seems to me, Susy," said my husband, "that you have found plenty to take 'the gilt of the gingerbread.' Is it to be Bennett for ever?"

"I am going to talk to him first," I said, "and I am going to do away with tradesmen's books. If they can afford to supply me at a reasonable rate on these terms, well and good; if not, I shall try the stores."

"Well, I think you will bring them round, Susy. They are beginning to be alarmed. I heard to-day they had a meeting to protest against stores, and to form a 'trade league' for mutual protection. They are resolved to introduce co-operative principles without the disadvantages, and to give five per cent. discount on all cash accounts."

"Then," I added, "if they will do this, and issue a fixed price-list, my puzzle about the right place to buy will be ended."

And so it was.

HOW SARDINES GOT INTO CHINA.

I HAVE a friend who, having resided some thirty years in China, is a good authority on the manners and customs of the central Flowery Land. Questioning him about the things to eat, drink, and avoid, when a European is invited to partake of Chinese hospitality, he told me that, as a matter of taste, and it may be prejudice, Europeans liked their own dietary best. As for puppies and rats, and such like horrors, one does not meet with these things at the table of a Chinese gentleman. Neither will he give you butcher's meat. Fowls, ducks, stewed tendons of deer, fish, and in very rich families birds'-nest soup, *bêche de mer*, or sea-slug, as a relish, and rice, of course—such things are the staple; and as for birds'-nest soup, my friend says he does not dislike it. From his description, this celebrated soup would seem to be like oyster-soup, without the taste or the smell of oysters—that is to say, white, creamy, and insipid.

A middle-class Chinaman will never expend more than equivalent to fourpence English for his dinner; but Chinese gentlemen, when they take a fancy to any eatable, will pay, if needful, an enormous price for it. Nor is John Chinaman altogether so conservative as Englishmen at home set him down for. As an example rich Celestials now consume a goodly lot of tinned sardines in oil. The custom, however, has only prevailed a few years, and it came to be adopted by accident.

"I'll tell you all about it," said my friend. "First, do you know what smalt is?"

"To be sure I do. A blue compound of oxide of cobalt and silica."

"Exactly. Well, the Chinese import this smalt, I believe, for painting blue figures on their crockery. At any rate, some years ago the London agent of a Chinese mercantile firm received an order for a large quantity of smalt—a very serious quantity, of some thousands of pounds sterling value.

"But the word smalt was so badly written, or so wrongly written, that the London agent, instead of smalt, read 'smelt;' so he went about in many promising quarters to buy those delicate little fish. Not enough were to be had in the market at the time, and he was advised by a London provision dealer that whenever procured they would be enormously expensive. 'Let me advise you to try sardines,' was the counsel of the London provision dealer. 'Sardines are rather cheap now, and I'm sure they'll give satisfaction.'

"So the bargain was struck, the sardines were bought, packed, shipped, and sent to China.

"On arrival, a dispute arose. John Chinaman avowed he had ordered a blue pigment, not fish, whether smelts or sardines; and John Chinaman appeared to have the right of it in law; so he shrugged his shoulders and left the boxes of oily little fish in charge of the merchant, who did not even try, I believe, to dispute the bargain with the London salesman, so alive was he to the mistake he himself had committed.

"What was to be done? The affair was serious.

"The following was done. Some British residents at Shanghai purchased some of the sardines as just a slight alleviation of the unfortunate merchant's trouble. The whole lot, however, was a gigantic lot, and had it depended on European consumption alone, the unfortunate consignee would have waited over long to turn his capital. Fortunately it happened that an English purchaser of some of the sardines knew a rich Chinese epicure, to whom he gave a box, to have his opinion. It was not long coming. The Chinaman having partaken of the barbarian fish, licked his lips and pronounced them good. Other Chinamen followed the lead, and all pronounced the little fish excellent. The entire lot went off apace, and other lots followed. Now *Sardines à l'huile* are quite a Chinese institution.

"So that's the way," said my friend, "that sardines got into China."

Varieties.

TONIC SOL-FA SINGING.—Most of H.M. Inspectors of Schools mention in their reports the excellent results produced by the tonic sol-fa system in elementary schools. In the London Board schools the system is not enforced, but is almost without exception pro-

ferred. Teachers are allowed to use any method provided equivalent results are obtained. That there is difference of opinion, however, on this matter appears from the following statement in a Manchester paper:—"The first step necessary to reform the present system of 'singing' by ear and substitute for it instruction in 'music' is the supply of competent teachers. Lancashire is the first county to start this reform, and has just held a competition for free scholarships at Owen's College, Manchester, when ten scholarships were awarded to teachers in elementary schools, which will enable them to obtain musical instruction with examinations and prizes."

STRANGERS IN PARIS.—Between the 1st of May and the 31st of October, 571,792 strangers stayed in Parisian hotels and lodging-houses, being 46,021 in excess of the visitors to the 1867 Exhibition, and 308,774 in excess of last year. Of these, 218,622 were foreigners, of whom 64,044 were English, 23,524 Germans, 21,419 Belgians, 16,417 Italians, 14,550 Americans, 13,284 Swiss, 10,234 Spaniards, and 9,072 Austrians.

THE PLAGUE IN EUROPE.—The alarm which pervaded Europe when the existence of the plague on the banks of the Volga became known, though not perhaps warranted in the present advanced state of medical science, is not surprising, for the ravages wrought by its visitations have too terrible a fame in history.

The plague derived its origin, like most other epidemics, from the far east. Though it was formerly doubted to what country could be assigned its birthplace, there now seems little doubt but that it first appeared in China. Thence it was carried by the caravans across the steppes of Central Asia to the shores of the Euxine, or Black Sea, decimating in its course the barbarian hordes of Tartary.

For fifteen years before the ill-omened day in which it appeared in Europe, viz., from 1333 to 1348, China was afflicted with famine, pestilence, floods, and earthquakes; and also towards the close of that period with the Black Death, which was the name afterwards given by our ancestors to one form of the disease, from the black spots which accompanied it. These terrible afflictions were the result of the great convulsions of the surface of the globe, which, during those fifteen years, and for twenty-six years afterwards, created some very material alterations in the conditions of animal and vegetable life. These convulsions and their consequences were not confined to the east, but affected in a similar degree the western portion of this hemisphere. The seasons seemed disordered. The usual quiet of winter was disturbed by storms of thunder and lightning. Volcanoes, believed now to be extinct, were the subjects of fearful eruptions, and earthquakes were by no means an infrequent occurrence.

The decomposition of immense masses of organic substances, and of the bodies of men and animals, effected a change in the atmosphere to an extent detrimental to the existence of animal life. This is the most probable theory of the generation of the plague.

From the shores of the Euxine the plague was carried by the trading vessels to the Bosphorus and the city of Constantine. Thence the contagion spread to the seaports of Italy, which became the *foci*, transmitting it throughout the whole of Europe. It gradually advanced through Germany and France to England, and from England to the Scandinavian Peninsula; nor was Africa exempted from the scourge. Thus no part of the civilised world was unaffected by this fearful epidemic. Death ruled everywhere supreme. The plague did its awful work on sea as well as on land. Vessels were found unmanned, the crews lying in the berths, or even on the decks, struck down by the unerring hand of Death.

From the long period which has elapsed since the Black Death, and in consequence of contemporary writers not having been able to give perfectly reliable statistics, the mortality caused by the epidemic cannot be accurately estimated. In Asia alone 40,000,000 are stated to have perished from its effects. Of these 13,000,000 were citizens of the Celestial Empire. As to Europe, it is considered that on the most moderate computation 25,000,000 were struck down by the Black Death. Of this terrible holocaust London alone supplied over 100,000 victims.

The plague has visited Europe since the fourteenth century, but never with the same virulence, and never has it lasted for so long a period as three years. At different epochs in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, it prevailed for comparatively short periods in Western Europe. The most important reappearance of the plague was that which occurred in the seventeenth century. Then it lasted for nearly two years in England, from 1663 to 1665, and was only finally extinguished in

London by the timely occurrence of the Great Fire of London. Nearly 100,000 persons were computed to have fallen victims to the plague in the course of the year during which it prevailed in that city. But owing to the great increase in the population of the metropolis since the fourteenth century, the number of the victims was small when compared with the proportion of the population which was destroyed by the Black Death. This was the last occasion on which the plague visited the shores of England. But it has raged in other parts of Europe at subsequent periods. As late as 1720 a similar epidemic decimated the population of Marseilles, and seventy years afterwards ravaged the comparatively thinly populated countries of Russia and Poland. This was the last important appearance of the plague, and from this period it has been almost a stranger to Western Europe. Its sphere is now practically confined to the shores of the Levant, though it occasionally has extended northward as far as Russia, and westward to Malta.

Three theories have been put forward to account for the origin or cause of the plague. According to one theory it is propagated exclusively by a peculiar contagion. According to another it may be spontaneously engendered by endemic or epidemic influences, as well as be propagated by the contagion; while the third theory rejects altogether the doctrine of its propagation by contagion, and maintains that it is germinated alone by local causes or epidemic influences. The great mass of the evidence adduced in support of these theories preponderates in favour of the second.

Whichever of these causes may be the correct one, the plague appears to be considerably influenced by temperature. Thus, in tropical climates it has never prevailed, and the excessive cold of the northern regions has also rendered it innocuous.

In Western Europe September has been the month in which the disease has raged with the greatest violence. For instance, in London during the Great Plague of 1665 the victims to the disease in the month of September exceeded by 6,000 the number of those who perished in any other month of the year.

As the plague has not visited the shores of Great Britain since the seventeenth century, it is exceedingly improbable that it will ever again do so. The greater degree of cleanliness which now prevails in Western Europe is unfavourable to its birth or progress, and the strict quarantine to which vessels sailing from places supposed to be infected are subjected hinders its introduction into this country by contagion.—H. N.

CAPTAIN COOK.—The Rev. J. Martin, vicar of St. Andrew's, Cambridge, says that in the church of St. Andrew the Great, in the town of Cambridge, there is a fine mural tablet, erected to the memory of Captain Cook by his widow. This tablet, which is carefully kept in a good state of preservation, overlooks the altar from the wall on the north side, and records the deaths of Captain Cook and of his widow, also the deaths of their six children, of whom two, Nathaniel and James, died at sea, one lost in the Thunder and the other in the Spitfire sloop of war. Another son James died at Christ's College, Cambridge, in his 18th year. The other three children died all of them at a very early age. As to Captain Cook the inscription is as follows:—

"In memory of Captain James Cook, of the Royal Navy, one of the most celebrated navigators that this or former ages can boast of, who was killed by the natives of Owyhee in the Pacific Ocean on the 14th day of February, 1779, in the 51st year of his age."

The inscription also records that Elizabeth, widow of the above-mentioned Captain Cook, survived her husband fifty-six years, died at Clapham on the 13th of May, 1835, at the age of ninety-four, and was buried with her sons, James and Hugh, in the middle aisle of St. Andrew's Church. Below the inscription is a shield, with a star above and below, bearing the globe. The motto is *Nil intentatum reliquit*. The widow, Mrs. Cook, left a sum of £1,000 in trust to the vicar, churchwardens, and overseers of the parish. The interest thence arising is to be spent in keeping clean and undefaced the tablet erected by her to her husband's memory, and also in keeping in order the inscription on the tomb of herself and her sons. The remainder, after two pounds to be given to the vicar, to be divided equally between five poor aged women of good character, residing in and belonging to the said parish of St. Andrew the Great.

There is a conspicuous monument to Captain Cook in Buckinghamshire, in the grounds of the Vitch, near Chalfont St. Giles, little known except to the near residents or the riders of that neighbourhood. The grounds formerly were in the possession of Sir Hugh Palliser, Cook's first captain and firm friend, and to whose discerning kindness and support he owed his first opportunities of distinction.

The statue which was exhibited for some time in London,

near the York Column in Pall Mall, was unveiled by the governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, in Hyde Park, Sydney, on the 25th February, with imposing ceremony, and in the presence of 20,000 spectators.

SIZE OF THE HOLY LAND.—Mr. John MacGregor (Rob Roy), in a lecture on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, described the size and the bearings of the Holy Land in a way very intelligible to a London audience and to others familiar with English geography. Taking Hyde Park as representing Jerusalem, he gave the relative positions of the Temple, the Mount of Olives, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, the Sea of Galilee, and other localities. Mr. MacGregor said that the outline was but a rough one, but it was suggestive. Modern Jerusalem occupied, as it were, that part of Hyde Park to the east bounded by the Serpentine. The site of the Temple—Mount Moriah—the space north of Achilles' statue, and Zion—the Dairy. Gethsemane would be located at Grosvenor Square, and the Pool of Bethesda at Grosvenor Gate, while the Pool of Siloam would be Buckingham Palace Gardens water, and Kedron River Park Lane. The Holy Sepulchre would be on the site of the Barracks, and, strange to say, Herod's Palace on the House of the Royal Humane Society. The Guard's house at the bridge represented the Jaffa Gate, and the Mount of Olives—2,700 feet above the sea level—would be in Bond Street. The upper pool of Gihon would be at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and the Damascus Gate would be represented by Victoria Gate. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, would be the site of the Russian Convent, and Rachel's Tomb would be close to Chelsea Bridge. Bethlehem would be on Wandsworth Common; Hebron at Redhill; the Dead Sea—1,300 feet below the sea level—at Erith; Carmel at Leicester; Nazareth at Peterborough; and Mount Hebron at the mouth of the Humber; while the Sea of Galilee would be in the Fens of Norfolk, near Stoke, and the Mediterranean at Great Marlow. This rough comparative outline of the Holy Land only—not the whole Land of Promise—excited considerable interest, as so small a country once contained so many millions of people, so many hundreds of towns and villages, and within its borders events, in number and moment unparalleled in history, have transpired.—*Jewish Herald*.

ANNE SEWARD ON NEW WORDS.—The "Literary World" quotes from one of the letters of Anne Seward a curious testimony as to the influence of Dr. Johnson's Latin style in naturalising words now familiar. "I heard," she writes in 1791, "some ladies at Burton, who neither have, nor pretend to have, bookish knowledge, use the following words with prompt spontaneity in conversing on common topics:—'Literature, literary, hilarity, stipulate, excruciating, delusive, juvenile, temerity, contemporary, phenomenon, popular, conservatory,' etc., etc. Twenty years ago scarce one of these words would have been understood, much less used, by the generality of private gentlemen."

FATHER MATTHEW AND WILLIAM MARTIN.—A correspondent corrects a misprint in a note on Quakers and Temperance (p. 815, 1878). It was Martin, not Mackin, who induced the Rev. Theobald Matthew to take up the cause of temperance. Matthew at the time was not young, being near fifty, and the first public meeting held by him on temperance was in the yard of a livery stables and horse bazaar, Sullivan's Quay, Cork, in 1840, which is now a provision-curing establishment.

WOLVES.—The last severe winter brought us reports of the appearance of wolves in inhabited districts in Eastern France and the neighbouring Alsace-Lorraine. The unusual extent and depth of the snowfall having deprived them in great measure of their usual sources of support, they were rendered by hunger more daring than usual. The neighbourhood of Metz was specially distinguished in this way. The beasts passed through the lines of sentries around the new German forts, and went up to the very gates of the city. A bakery in the neighbourhood of Fort Manteufel, in St. Julien, was regularly besieged every night by them, and one night a band of them made a vigorous attempt to storm the stable where some horses were housed. On Christmas Eve a large wolf quietly entered the Metz railway-station, to the great terror of the porters and officials. The following Sunday some were seen crossing some fields in broad daylight. Wolves have also been seen in the neighbourhood of Belfort. Near Saarbrücken they made a nightly cordon around the houses, terrifying the inhabitants by their howlings and attempts to break in. At Carpentras they came up to the gates of the town. Even in the neighbourhood of Lyons, where they are almost unknown, several have been seen.